

PRETTY MRS. ASHE CAN'T KEEP AGED PATRON'S CHECKS

Young Woman Schmidt First Charged With Stealing Says He Owes Her.

PARTNER, SHE CLAIMS.

Row That Began With 'Phone Message to Detectives Is Still Tangled.

The financial and sentimental difficulties of the aged Gustav Schmidt, of Ossining, and the vivacious and pretty Mrs. Edna Ashe, also of Ossining, were aired in Harlem Court this morning before Magistrate Cornell. The same man and woman were in court last Friday, and the police were able to find out very little about them. Schmidt caused the woman's arrest last time. Today she was the complainant.

Mrs. Ashe said that she had known Schmidt, who is now past seventy years old, ever since she was a little girl and that he had always been very good to her. His affection for her had not decreased a bit when she grew up and was married, she said, and he was very fond of her husband, who was a clerk in Yonkers, earning \$12 a week. Schmidt, she said, often brought her down to New York on shopping trips and to go to the theatre, when her husband couldn't go with her.

She's a Tariff Woman.

So she had been enabled, she told Magistrate Cornell, to save \$1,000 out of her husband's salary in a few years. This she gave to Schmidt to invest in a hotel in Ossining. The business had not prospered, or at least she had no satisfactory accounting for her share in it, and she demanded the money back from Schmidt.

A week ago Schmidt came up from the South, where he had been visiting, and went to the Manhattan Hotel—the one Manhattan—in Third avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-second street. Mrs. Ashe came down from Ossining and went to the same hotel. They were there four days, when Schmidt began calling on the Harlem Detective Bureau and telling vague stories of a woman who had robbed him and whom he wanted to have put in Sing Sing or boiled in oil or something right away.

It sounded very much to the police as though he was talking not so much for their benefit as to scare some one who was in the room from which he was telephoning. The detectives couldn't make head or tail of the case until a woman called on them and asked timidly what they really would do about the case. Mr. Schmidt had made the complaint about.

She Claims \$2,000.

When she grabbed her and went out and told Schmidt, he and she reluctantly agreed. She, being Mrs. Edna Ashe, having stolen \$10 and a certified check for \$1,000 from him. He had stopped the check, but hadn't been able to get the money. "The case went to pieces in court because of Schmidt's lack of enthusiasm."

Mrs. Ashe brought Mr. Schmidt before Magistrate Cornell today to get back the \$2,000 she said he owed her. She said that the man he had accused her of stealing had been paid voluntarily by him on account.

Gustav Schmidt, when it came his turn today, indignantly denied that he was seventy-one years old and said that he was only fifty-two. He said that his financial dealings with Mrs. Ashe were not the proper basis for a criminal action and could very properly be attended to in a civil court.

Magistrate Cornell agreed with him and furthermore made Mrs. Ashe give \$100 to Schmidt, the trunk lock which she had taken from him when she took the \$10.

WANTS TO PLAY CRUOSE.

4-ator Schmeer Tries to Buy 'an Island Off Bermuda.

According to passengers on the steamship Prince George, which arrived here yesterday from Bermuda, Senator William Schomer, of the Twelfth District in this city, is trying very hard to buy Denison's Island, which is off Bermuda. The island was owned by W. W. Denison, the artist, who gave it his name.

Schomer has shown a boyish enthusiasm in his effort to acquire the island, saying that the day he gets his wish he will realize the fondest dream of his childhood days, which was to have Midland all his own to play Robinson Crusoe on. The Senator is still in Bermuda.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Sunday World will give with its next issue the song "The Yankee Prince," words by George M. Cohan and music by George M. Cohan. The song is by George M. Cohan and is one of his best from that rickety musical comedy.

"Pussy Wants a Corner."

Isn't there a corner for a little pet in your house? If so, you may fill that corner at once! You can best secure the family pet you seek through World "Dogs & Birds" advertisements ANY DAY. Why not TO-DAY?

For Bargains of Any Sort Read World Ads.

Violinist Hartmann Inspired by Pillow Full of Torn Manuscripts



Says Theme of Every Bar He Writes Floats Out From His Head Rest.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

The most interesting thing about Arthur Hartmann, the Hungarian violinist, is his pillow. He has plenty of other things—his habits and his hair cut, and, of course, his talent—some call it genius—but almost any one would give the pillow precedence.

But then, if we are to believe Mr. Hartmann, the pillow is really responsible for everything except the hair cut.

Mr. Hartmann did not want to talk about the pillow. He hates publicity and he fears lack of comprehension from the gross unmusical mind. Besides he was saving the history of the pillow until he was a really great man. Then he was going to say: "Behold the pillow done!"

But Mr. Hartmann is too modest. Even now he is great, and therefore the hour of disclosure for the pillow plot has struck.

"In my pillow, upon which I lay my head nightly, are Tschakowsky, Grieg, Brahms, MacDowell, Liszt, and Weinawski," he explained. "I have plenty of other things—his habits and his hair cut, and, of course, his talent—some call it genius—but almost any one would give the pillow precedence."

Collected Manuscripts.

"My father was an eccentric character and a student—a musician and an astrologer and a collector of rare old manuscripts of every description. During his earlier days he bought and had given to him many manuscripts of famous musicians."

"By the time I was three years old I had expressed a fondness for the violin," continued Mr. Hartmann, "and had even commenced to play it a little. My musical proclivities pleased my father immensely. When I was eighteen he presented to me his collection of musicians' manuscripts. I treasured them greatly. For several years they were locked up in an old Egyptian casket. I added to them when I could, although I did not buy any manuscripts. I waited until they were presented to me."

"Now comes the strange part of my story," said Mr. Hartmann, lowering his voice. "The Egyptian casket I always kept near my bed. Often when I slept I dreamed that strange strains of music came from it. When I awoke they would still be ringing in my ears. They were the basis for many of my early compositions."

"I do not know what finally prompted me to destroy these manuscripts," Mr. Hartmann went on, dramatically. "An over-riding impulse came upon me, and I tore them in shreds one day. I seemed to be acting under a spell. I took some mummy cloth that my father had and made a pillow. Then I put the torn fragments in it."

Never Misses a Nigh.

"From that day to this my head has rested upon that pillow every night. Sometimes, with my ear close down upon it, it seems to me that I can feel it throbbing like a mighty heart. And always and forever the theme of every bar that I have written has seemed to arise from beneath my brain and float out from my marvelous pillow."

"My last composition is entitled 'Thus Spake God,' announced Mr. Hartmann, with almost painful modesty. "It is not completed yet. My pillow gave it to me but a short time ago. There will be people, I suppose, who will say that it is in imitation of Richard Strauss's 'Thus Spake Zarathustra,' but it could not be. It could not be because I have not read it. It is not a parody of Strauss's in my pillow."

"I did not care to tell of my pillow because nobody will understand—that is, nobody but a real musician. I wanted to wait until the four corners of the world knew my name, and then I would tell what the pillow of the great composers had done for me."

"See," said Mr. Hartmann, diverging from the subject of the pillow, "my jaw is crooked from cradling my violin for so many years."

Violinist Gets a New Name.

Mrs. Aso-Neth Cochran, who is the sister of the new name-changing cult, has added Hartmann to her list of recruits.

He had his old name of Arthur rubbed out and a new one written in. He is now Japay Hartmann. He hasn't a violin since, as violin since, in January, 1907, when some one stole his \$5,000 Guarnerius while he was on a train between London and Los Angeles.

Mr. Hartmann admitted today that he is a believer in the Aso-Neth doctrine. He says that he met Mrs. Aso-Neth, as he calls her, Cochran, and she told him of a number of changes that would come into his life. Every one of them arrived in schedule time. Prior to that he had met her daughter in Berlin. The daughter was his pupil.

Mrs. Aso-Neth changed my name for me and designed a charm and success soon came," he said.

Mr. Hartmann wears the charm now. It is a seven pointed star. It exerts a powerful influence on his affairs, he says.



SHIP IN DISTRESS HEADS AWAY FROM LINER NEAR HER

Vessel Laboring in Heavy Sea Off Nantucket Changes Course Oddly.

Capt. Joseph Amos Harrison, of the steamship Victoria de Larrinaga, from Glasgow to Barber & Co., steamship agents, which arrived in today, reported seeing a steamer in distress yesterday morning about thirty miles off Nantucket.

A northerly gale was blowing and the sea was running in giant waves. At 5 o'clock in the morning Capt. Harrison made out a black hull laboring in the trough of the violent sea. With his glass he read a big letter "S" on the black funnel of the vessel, the insignia of the Standard Oil fleet.

Capt. Harrison laid to for signals and suddenly saw the laboring steamer disappear in the hollow of a mammoth wave. The vessel was headed north, but when she emerged from the great mass of water that had seemed almost to swallow her she had headed south. The Victoria de Larrinaga was hoisted to for half an hour, expecting that the steamer would fly some signal. When she did not Capt. Harrison proceeded on his way to this city.

Capt. Philip Rupprecht, chief of the marine department of the Standard Oil Company said, after hearing Capt. Harrison's report, that he believed the craft he had seen was the big towing steamer A. F. Lucas, of the Standard Oil fleet.

The A. F. Lucas sailed on Sunday for Halifax, towing an oil-laden barge. Four hours after Capt. Harrison saw her laboring, her captain had sent a wireless that he was 200 miles from Sandy Hook.

"Possibly at the time Harrison saw her," said Capt. Rupprecht, "she had dropped the line of her barge, and that was why she was compelled to put about. As the oil barge was very deep in the water, it is likely that she could not be made out from the bridge of the Victoria de Larrinaga. As the Lucas is equipped with wireless, I am sure we would have heard if she was in any trouble."

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—No steamer answering the description of the one thought to have been disabled, the condition of which was reported by the steamer Victoria de Larrinaga in New York today, had been sighted or reported from Vineyard Haven, or any of the southern Massachusetts ports up to noon today.

Mariners at those points were unable to identify the vessel in the description given by the Victoria de Larrinaga.

The steamer City of Everett, which has one funnel with a large "S" on it and which is bound east from Philadelphia with a loaded oil barge in tow, passed Vineyard Haven at noon today. It is thought that yesterday she may have been near the position referred to by the Italian liner. She showed no signs to-day of being disabled.

KNICKERBOCKER PAYS UP.

Eleventh and Twelfth Installments Anticipated by a Year.

The Knickerbocker Trust Company today anticipated its eleventh and twelfth installments to depositors. These were to fall due Feb. 25, 1910, and April 26, 1910. Instead they will be met Feb. 16, 1909, or more than a year ahead of the schedule of the plan of resumption.

BRIDE AT SIXTEEN ACCUSED BY SON OF MILLIONAIRE

Young Tessie Plaut's Petition for Alimony Reveals Action for Divorce.

Mrs. Tessie Plaut, the sixteen-year-old bride of Robert Plaut, of No. 525 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, the son of a millionaire meat packer, applied to Justice Thomas in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, today for \$25 a week alimony and counsel fees of \$50 pending the trial of the suit for divorce brought by her husband.

Robert Plaut is twenty years old. He met his youthful bride last summer and married her in November. According to her lawyer, William Robinson, of No. 4 Exchange place, the young man abandoned her and then failed to support her.

Lawyer Bamberger, for the plaintiff, declared that it was just the other way—the millionaire's son had been deserted by his bride. She left him and went to Philadelphia, alleged Mr. Bamberger, but he forgave her and took her back. Then, right after that, she went to the Carlton Hotel with a young man named Lewis. This act, the attorney said, formed the basis for the divorce action.

In speaking of his client, Mr. Bamberger declared that young Plaut was "the foolish son of a rich father," and that his predicament was the result of having too much money to spend and spending it foolishly.

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PRAY THAT TAFT MAY AVOID WAYS OF ROOSEVELT

Remarkable Explanation Is Given by Clergymen for Meeting at Tabernacle.

ALL TELL OF DANGER.

Declare That the Guidance of God Is Necessary to Preserve Nation.

Ministers and laymen will crowd the immense Broadway Tabernacle, Fifty-sixth street and Broadway, the night of President-elect Taft's inauguration in Washington and pray that he and his Cabinet may safely tide the perils which rock the Ship of State. Only in war times or in national stress of the gravest nature have the clergymen heretofore assembled from many denominations to ask blessings on their leaders.

A call issued by the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, a federation of Protestant church societies, has been sent to labor unions, church chapters, Bible classes and the Y. M. C. A., urging all to join in prayer for the prosperity of a new Administration. The Rev. Dr. Charles E. Johnson, pastor of the Tabernacle, will open the meeting.

Indorsed by Dr. Ake.

"Surely, a worthy idea," said the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Ake, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, when asked regarding the purpose of the meeting. "I have not been invited, but the thought comes to me to inquire why prayers weren't said when the present administration went into effect. I can't say more."

The Rev. J. Sumner Stone, of the Church of the Saviors, said: "Very likely these clergymen—students always—understand that only divine guidance will prevent us from running around under the perils of administrative problems abroad and internal disruption at home. The present helmman has been running headlong at a terrific pace, leaving agitated conditions which have hardly a parallel in our history."

"The divine wisdom of God is necessary at this critical stage in the nation's affairs. These are most likely the thoughts which come to any thinking man who understands affairs of today, and a powerful religious support is bound to aid the new Administration to bring us back to normal conditions."

The Rev. Robert W. Courtney, of the Thirty-fourth street Collegiate Church, said:

"Little good would come from offering prayers at this period of the present Administration, but great blessings may flow from the prayers of all for the coming regime. A troublesome era is ending. The confidence of people has been shaken; men have been branded liars, a spirit of unrest is abroad, rebellious notions are seizing the minds of men and we're not far from feelings of anarchy. That's putting it strong, but there's much truth in the statement."

Criticism of Roosevelt.

"The expiring Administration took hold with the confidence and support of the public. Years of strenuous life followed. Now there's no work for many citizens, small bank accounts have been wiped out and everything is unsettled. There's no calm and peace and confidence. No one knows what the morrow will bring. Prayers are offered that the murky waters may clear and the new President not permit the errors and misdeeds of his predecessor. Prayers—lots of them—surely will aid."

"No doubt the times are perilous and prayers are needed to bring back comfort to our citizens," said the Rev. Madison C. Peters. "Prayers are always offered in war times. Lincoln always reminded his aides to ask God's help in trouble. We're in that contingency now. Unquestionably the student sees the same tendencies that wrecked the old republics abroad in our country today."

Says Idea Is Proper.

The Rev. Wallace Macmillan said at his home, No. 46 East Sixtieth street: "No notification of the general prayer meeting has reached me, but generally speaking the idea is proper and opportune. I wouldn't say that despair has seized our people, but very likely the sponsors of the meeting feel that serious problems of administration will posit by prayer. The inter-denominational aspect indicates that all creeds are agreed on the usefulness of prayers at this period of our affairs."

They must be curbed or we'll perish, too.

"Pure patriotism has prompted this general prayer. Our terrible pace in an administrative way will lead to destruction. Problems abroad and dissension within have reached a climax, and surely Mr. Taft needs the prayers of all to pilot the ship of state over the rocky channels which now threaten her."

Money Back if Not Satisfied.

WILBUR A. WELCH, Sole Distributor, 935 Flatiron Building, N. Y.

POLICEMAN SHOT AS HE EXAMINED PRISONER'S GUN

Strange-Looking "Pill Box" Was Discharged in the Station House.

ROW IN A DRUG STORE.

Bogus Health Official Locked Up on Several Charges.

James Gray was a very angry young man when a girl he had been entertaining at supper in Hooley's restaurant in Columbus avenue left him this morning and hurried into the Colonial Pharmacy on the corner. He followed in time to see her go in one door and out of another, and when he couldn't overtake her he began to make things interesting for the clerk on duty.

"It's your fault that girl got away," he said, bludgeoning, "and I'm gonner fwyer. I'm officer of Health Department and I'm gonner have you 'fested fr sellin' cocaine!"

Clerk Threw Him Out.

The clerk grew weary after listening to a few minutes of this, and propelled Mr. Gray to the door and out into the street. Mr. Gray then picked himself up and went over to the West Sixty-eighth street station where he told Lieut. Langan there were terrible goings on in the drug store and that he ought to send a policeman over there.

So Policeman Hall went to the pharmacy with him, and the row with the clerk started all over again, Gray accusing him of selling cocaine and raising such a row that when Sergt. Manchester happened along he ordered the young man's arrest. All the way over to the station Gray insisted that he was an officer of the Health Board, and said that someone would suffer for his arrest.

When he was searched before Lieut. Langan a small contraption known as a "pill box" was taken from his pocket. Sergt. Manchester examined it.

"Very careful w' that," said Mr. Gray, "this machine fr testin' milk."

Then It Went Off.

"And a queer looking machine it is," said Manchester. It was something of the shape of a mushroom, with a barrel about an inch and a half long and triggerless, but evil-looking. Just as the sergeant spoke he gave it a little squeeze. There was a deafening report, and through the smoke Manchester was seen dancing around, holding the fingers of his right hand in his mouth.

"The Black Hand!" yelled Policeman Hall, and grabbed Gray.

But it was no bomb. The "pill box" is a peculiar type of pistol, the barrel of which fits between the middle fingers of the hand, and is used at close range. Sergt. Manchester's hand was so badly injured by the discharge that an ambulance was called and he was taken to Roosevelt Hospital. In a little while he reported back and went home.

Gray later confessed that he is an advertising solicitor and no officer of the Health Board. He was held for trial in the West Side Court, charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct and carrying concealed weapons.

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